

High Ideals

Elbow

There's a ladder tear in my high ideals
Like I took a chair on the battlefield
Anyd any noble friend that was burning in my chest
Is acid in my belly at the very best

There's a bayonnette in my family things
It was made in the USA to defend the King
With all the sinew, the thirst
And all the bones that splintered
Passed from hand to hand with the wedding rings

Oh, settle down little heart of mine
Oh, settle down, you do double time
You're so far away but she's right here by your side
Oh, settle down little heart of mine, ooh